

FROM  
A  
TRAVELER'S  
NOTEBOOK - - - -

—a gathering of  
Places and people  
Impressions of  
Summer, 1962  
Raymond Shaheen

Sixty some years ago my father, as a lad of eighteen, left the Old Country to find his way to America. Whatever impressions he had, surely the strongest must have been that the new land which he would claim as his home was BIG and GOOD. His more than eighty years have shown him how good America is, but his traveling days, limited primarily to the middle Atlantic States, have only given him but a hint of the bigness of this grand and wonderful land.

During the next few weeks the pages of this notebook may carry the impressions of the 1962 tourist as we head westward. Whatever I see, I'll try to look at twice—once for myself and again for my father.

We've projected our itinerary—the central route (with a special side stop in Axtell, Nebraska, to visit our good friend, Esther Benson), then on to Denver and Utah. From Salt Lake City we'll head due south for the canyon country—Bryce, Zion and then the largest of them all. Hoover Dam will be followed by a fleeting glimpse (with hand tightly gripping my wallet) of Las Vegas. California will mean Redlands, Los Angeles, Disneyland, the wonders of Sequoia and Yosemite, the charm of San Francisco and the Redwood Highway. Seattle will be the World's Fair, Century 21, topped by the hospitality of a gracious couple, the Bill Holtzingers, whom I married nine years ago. Mount Rainier will make its own claim upon us as will the visit to Glacier National Park, Yellowstone, the Black Hills, Mount Rushmore and the Badlands—each in turn—await us. Thirty-three days lie ahead—what will they bring us? Rather should we ask: What will we bring to them?

This afternoon, thanks to Winifred's wise packing, all was in readiness. Come twilight the Pennsylvania Turnpike was behind us, and our first leg completed.

We headed for the turnpike as soon as we could, and we left it at the first reasonable exit. It's downright maddening to drive at much speed, darting furiously as though we were a pack of hunted animals. All the time we seemed in isolation, removed from the normal face of America. The only thing to be said in favor of a turnpike is that it is the speediest straight line between separated metropolitan areas. But speed alone leaves much to be desired.

Our decision has been altered, and we shall take more leisurely and scenic roads. Route 40, to begin with, will take us through West Virginia and Ohio. Every now and then we'll stop to read an occasional road marker or visit some historic spot.

I'll hope daily for an opportunity to record something of interest concerning places and people. I wish I could be as detailed as my friend Wes Steasy, but only a sketch here and a profile there will have to suffice.

Tonight was Jon's chance to prove the good traveler. Like most 'teen

agers, he probably dreams of luxury motels—T.V.—wall-to-wall carpeting—air conditioning—continental breakfasts—heated swimming pool. Bless his soul, he agreed with us to settle for a very modest motel while across the street stood ever so temptingly the higher-priced with pool and all. Here's hoping he remains so economy-minded the whole trip through. We'll see how well he can scan a breakfast menu in the morning. (It's amazing how often good and substantial food can be had on the same menu at less than exorbitant prices.)

So the first day is over. May God's journeying mercies attend us.



### Rockville, Indiana

It was a plain sign that simply read "Cambridge, site of the first bridge to be authorized by the Northwest Territory." Thus as we traveled into Ohio we got an initial taste of yesteryear's forward look, or to put it in another way, the forging of a new frontier. The west was to be claimed, and the building of such a bridge was a sure indication that men would be heading beyond the Alleghenies for a long, long time to come. Each mile that we shall cover will have the lengthened shadow of the traveler from more than a century ago cast upon us.

But it isn't the past century alone that crowds in on us. Only a few miles apart one comes upon two different signs on the Ohio roadway which link the accomplishments of yesterday and today. Both are in the vicinity of New Concord. One designates the birthplace of McGuffey—of early textbook fame. They have built a brand new school in his memory. The other sign announces the birthplace of Colonel John Glenn, astronaut; they've named the highway for him, too.

Speaking of highways, already we've been on the Edward Martin, the Ernie Pyle, and the John Glenn highways. It seems like a very proper thing to do. We ought to think in terms of those who have "marked the path" through life for us. Our debt is great to those who are the pioneers in many, many fields.

I remember the sign that some prisoner had printed for the south wall of the chapel in the Lycoming County jail. It was the first thing I'd see as I would enter the room where on occasion I served as chaplain. It said something about passing through life and the noble intention which should come to us to better mark the way for all who follow after us.

Ohio seems to have a college on every hill-top, and en route today we visited the campuses of Muskingum and Wittenberg. One of our Saint Luke lads, Ralph Flaherty, is presently enrolled at Wittenberg, alma mater of our Kathryn Orso. Jon was much impressed by the beauty of the chapel.

In Greenfield, Indiana, we spent more than an hour visiting the birth-place of the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley. What a delightful home life he must have had as he came under the salutary influence of his parents and other kin. Small wonder that he could charm his readers by the recitation of the simple things when in a home such as his the common-place gathered to it the aura of the heavenly.

Riley's house is much as it was when he lived there. Perhaps what impressed Winifred and me most were the "medley pictures," assembled by the poet's sister. Each of the two is an arrangement under glass of a series of events or themes. The one hanging on the east wall depicts the ideals in her life and it is crowned with the figure of an angel playing a harp. They say she was a beautiful soul, and I could think so since she set her affection in this world on celestial values. There is no question about it—we live a more spiritually significant life when we keep the thought of heaven before us. Someone has recently observed that the curse of our generation lies in the fact that we are a people "for whom Hell has no terror and Heaven has no invitation."

Enough of this now or I'll feel that I'm in the pulpit and not in the car writing these notes at five in the morning amid the quiet of a new day.



#### Springfield, Illinois

Ever since we thought in terms of this trip we anticipated the visit to the home and the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. It constitutes a pilgrimage all its own, and we could not help but be touched by the reverence that characterized the steady stream of visitors. Needless to say, the greatness of Lincoln's humanity and the achievement by which he emerged from such unpromising beginnings, surviving failure after failure, continue to speak a word of hope and encouragement. The world has seldom seen his kind.

Crossing the Mississippi River, of course, is quite a thrill. Since those days of my later childhood when I used to take home with me from Grace Creveling's desk at the Montoursville Library, located on the second floor of the Town Hall which also housed the local fire department, those books by Mark Twain, I've wanted to visit Hannibal, Missouri. Here, today, we saw the Mark Twain House, the white fence of Tom Sawyer fame, Cardiff Hill, and so much more that is reminiscent of that wonderful, wonderful world of highly imaginative growing lads. All, you see, when life was really quite simple.

So Samuel L. Clemens, as the man with the interesting name, wove into the fabric of our land the common and the very, very human.

Through him we laughed. It was one of our U.S. presidents who said of him—"He didn't bring laughter to America; he brought it out of us." Oxford honored him, and it is well that she did for the world at large recognizes him as the man who could find humanity's priceless worth in a river teeming with life, on the town hill where youngsters run, in a girl's face beaming innocence, and in a growing lad forever prankish.



#### Saint Joseph, Missouri

How good it is to hear a factory whistle and to see men in overalls, carrying dinner pails, on their way to work early in the morning. It brings back memories of my boyhood in the little town of Montoursville when our few streets suddenly became alive after the breakfast hour with men hurrying to the Table Factory or the Chair Works.

Included in our early morning adventure today was a trip to the stockyards. Unfortunately the visitors' tours were scheduled for a later hour, and since time was a factor for us, we had to move along.

En route through Saint Joseph, Missouri, we saw the Pony Express Statue, a reminder of an exciting, although brief, episode in American history. Later we stopped in Marysville, Kansas, and heard the owner of the original Marysville pony express station relate the account of that eighteen month period back in the 1860's when the riders rushed from Sacramento, California, to the easternmost post at Saint Joseph. It was another in the series of man's attempts to speed-up his communication with his fellow-man. The coming of the telegraph soon outmoded it.

Hiawatha, Kansas, introduced us to the unusual Davis memorial, located in the cemetery at the edge of town. Eccentric John Davis, as he was labeled by the waitress where we were served breakfast, is believed to have had a desire to perpetuate his name and the memory of his life with his wife. At the same time, so local townspeople say, he didn't want to have his money spent by anyone else. So he had carvers in Italy depict several scenes from the Davis married bliss, and the statues telling the story from marriage to death, constitute the memorial. The total cost has never been made public; estimates put it at about \$300,000. Before he died, it is said that he spent his Sunday afternoons at the cemetery, noting with much satisfaction the number of people who came to watch the progress on the unique graves marker. Ridiculously enough, we were told that he died in the county home. There are some who believe that Davis did what he did because he loved his wife; others say that it wasn't his love for her at all. He was motivated by his love for himself, and that he was driven by unadulterated vanity!

But I presume that what has impressed us most today has been the lingering memory of the news reports that we hear as we travel from one section of the state to another. Here, too, the face of America continues to be revealed. The story remains much the same, even though it is related with the intimacy that is characteristic of smaller communities. There is the recital of births, of marriages, of deaths, of civic problems, of men who achieve and of men who defraud, of those who fail. The common features of life are undeniably evidenced wherever one goes. Evil and good alike are so terribly local. They're not to be thought of as the private property of some other town or place. Travel where you will, sin is everywhere present as is goodness. The factors are the same, only the names of the people are different.



#### Axtell, Nebraska

For the past nine years I've been addressing an occasional letter to Esther Benson, Bethpage Mission, Axtell, Nebraska. Today we had the good fortune to visit Esther, to meet some of her friends, in this place of Christian mercy which bears a Biblical name. Winifred and I have frequently talked about the love of God as shown through the hearts of men and women who are completely committed to ministering to people in special need. Serving love is its own best testimony, and that's what we found so clearly in Bethphage. The initial greeting here as the directing sister welcomed us confirmed at once the supremacy of this cardinal principle of the Christian religion.

Can it be that it's little more than a half-century since this "miracle of the prairies" (so they reverently refer to Bethphage Mission) began?

It was started by those whose vision and faith compelled them in the name of Christ to provide a ministry "to the epileptic, the feeble-minded and those others handicapped." Deaconesses of the Augustana Lutheran Church have staffed it. Today its family of all ages numbers in excess of 250. They represent a variety of affliction. Our friend Esther is an arthritic. Using what faculties she can still direct, her gracious spirit and her keen mind make her a blessing to all the others who share her floor. Esther is one of those rare souls for whom the word beatific is the apt descriptive. As Martin Luther used to recommend as the role for every follower of Christ, she is as the love of Christ to those who know her, and through them to many others her faith and courage are communicated.

At Bethphage, as though they want never to forget the land that first knew the ministering love of Christ, each building is designated by a Bible name—such as Bethesda, Sarepta, Kidron.

Sister Julianne Holt is the directing sister. For more than forty years Bethpage has benefited from the investment of her life in humanity's crippled ones. At breakfast we shared a table with her, and a small company of guests and staff. Sister Agnes Snedrud, widow of a pastor, has given the past thirteen years to the work there. Her ministry is doubly significant since she has a son for whom Bethpage has been as heaven. The prayer during morning devotions was offered in depth and true compassion by a leading churchman, Dr. T. F. Gullixson, an uncle of Nora Major, former member in our Saint Luke family. The good and beloved preacher-teacher was stopping at Bethpage for a visit. He comes by frequently; his daughter is there.

We shall carry with us unforgettable memories of the residents who smile despite affliction and who are constrained to limp through life's remaining years, dependent forever upon the mercy of others. Rememberable will be the radiance in Christ of those who through faith keep the doors of Bethpage open—who like to think that the steep gables, characterizing the Danish provincial buildings that rise from the plains, are what the angels use as they descend from heaven to bless and strengthen the work and workers in the mission.

Were our trip to end here, were this to be the turning point, we are of the opinion that we have here seen the love of Christ clearly. The majesty of the Rockies, the grandeur of the canyons, the endless expanse of the Pacific, the scientific marvels at Seattle,—all these may yet lie ahead. But the eloquence which is love, serving love, habitually-hallowed love, we have already experienced. To have been here means re-dedication.



Axtell, Nebraska

I want to remember these lines by Jane Merchant. The regular occupant, whose room at Bethpage was put at our disposal, had posted them on the bureau—

— Probability —

Among 5000 who were fed  
With two fish and five loaves  
of bread  
Were doubtless several who  
complained  
About the bones the fish  
contained.



Driving through these mid-western towns increasingly reveals the face of America, and we like its features. There seems to us, a limited impression 'tis true, that among these smaller communities that life is lived in a less sophisticated fashion.

There was a radio announcer who apologized in an abashed manner for a broken record that he continued to play on his program just because he liked it so much and was too busy to get it replaced!

Then, not too far back in another state, there was the unadorned sign in front of a modest home which read "Butcher Mortuary." This could happen only in small town America. Chances are that if Mr. Butcher were in a metropolitan area his business would simply have to go by another name if he wanted to stay in his profession. Undoubtedly, his fellow townsmen know him and his family well—his father and grandfather before him. They've been part of the community for years. They're known, one generation after another, and this makes a world of difference. City living just doesn't offer this kind of opportunity easily.

This morning we listened to the newscast as the miles shoved quickly by. I can't recall the particular radio station nor the name of the town. What the announcer did left an impression. He began first of all with all the local news—accidents at Third and Main—meetings of the local Grange—births and deaths in the community—the weather outlook. Only after the entire local scene was covered did he pass on to world events. There it is! The significance which is life is always local—of prior interest is what is happening on our streets, in our town, to our people. I can't call this downright provincialism, but it does add up to the fact that for many, many people only the immediate is important. Life begins (and ends) for them with the local scene. It reminds me of that town in New York state a few years back that ran an account of the eclipse of the sun under local news!



## Denver, Colorado

We are now, beyond any question, out where the west begins! Today we got our first glimpse of snow-capped mountains.

Our impression of the city of Denver is favorable. We are delighted with the courtesy and the kindness of the people. Old Mr. Jensen is a good example. He, semi-retired, operates the gas station where we stopped. Upon inquiry he learned of our plans to visit in the area and of our itinerary once we would leave Denver. Forthwith he reached for several maps and proceeded to chart the course he considered best. I hadn't the



heart to tell him that we had no need for further assistance of this kind since Glenn Lashley's AAA office had already done a superb job for us in this respect. He was so eager to be helpful, so we waited as he gave us directions—directions of which he was so sure since he said, "I know; I've gone there several ways and no route is better than this one." So the grand old man continued, and something tells us that we may yet be glad that we took time to hear him out. There's much to be said for giving attention to those who are older, to those who offer advice and counsel as they draw from a rich fund of experience.

Tonight David joined us. He had his last exam in summer school this morning, and we waited eagerly for him at Stapleton Airfield. There, as always in any terminal, the parade of people passes. We quickly drew conclusions about a number of those who attracted our attention for this reason or another. It's mighty risky, although interesting to sit in judgment in this way. We, of course, are subject to their observations of us as well.

On our way to the airport we saw the new and commodious distribution center of Safeway Stores. We saluted it enthusiastically in behalf of Andy Anderson, Safeway's Washington-based vice-president.



### Steamboat Springs, Colorado

It's futile, I presume, to even try to describe the grandeur of these mountains. We've been in the Rockies all day. First there was the trip south of Denver to Colorado Springs and the Garden of the Gods. The terra cotta coloring and the unusual formation of the rocks serve as our introduction to remaining natural wonders throughout the west.

Exciting for the boys was our visit to the U. S. Air Force Academy, not far from Colorado Springs. Located directly against the colorful mountain range, the highly controversial chapel dominates the scene. Its seventeen aluminum fingers (so the folds in the roof appear) are raised upward 150 feet. Perhaps no building in recent time has caused more excitement than this structure to which no one can remain indifferent. Some people think it worthy of great praise and call its beauty an awesome grace. Others think it the most ridiculous thing ever to carry the label of a church. Unperturbed by such controversy, the chapel's 42-year-old architect, Walter A. Netsch, has said, "I would rather people have some reaction to it than have the cadets merely shrug and say, 'and that's the chapel' - - ." A friendly critic of his work has written, "But unlike other architects who have been dotting the country with churches of all sorts of imaginative shapes, Netsch had to do far more than satisfy one specific congregation, and one creed. He not only

had to build a private place of worship for the cadets, he also had to create a national monument."

The \$3,000,000 chapel is the first and last thing which the visitor sees. If I remember correctly it can accommodate at one time all three faiths with a Protestant chapel seating 900, a Roman Catholic chapel accommodating 500, and a Jewish chapel for at least 100.

There's no question in my mind. The chapel, which pictures the Air Force Academy as "a community dominated by a church," belongs to its setting. While I can't think of it as a type for a parish church, I am not displeased with the purpose it serves. I wish we who confess religion could be as daring in our practice of the faith as this building which serves as a symbol.

The rest of the campus consists of flat-glass rectangular buildings. They breathe an air of strength and simplicity, and are extremely functional in their contemporary theme. Vandenberg Hall is the quarter-mile long dormitory, before which we saw some of the cadets drill briefly. The classroom buildings are window-less; completely air-conditioned, of course. It is the intention of architect and teacher alike that the cadet should be able to concentrate upon his studies with a minimum of distraction. So the student anywhere should shut himself in—but never from the world!

The trip from Denver led through Boulder, home of the University of Colorado. Before we knew it we were in the beauty which is Estes Park. Then came the drive through the Rocky Mountain National Park. No longer shall we sing the praise of the European Alps at the expense of these snow-capped peaks of ours.



### Dinosaur National Monument Colorado

One doesn't come every day upon so rare a looking glass into the past as the one in northeastern Utah and northwestern Colorado. Thanks to our National Park system the area has been set aside as a national monument, and properly so because it, beyond question, is the most remarkable dinosaur fossil deposit in the world.

What makes this monument of added interest is the Dinosaur Quarry Visitor Center. Here one sees workmen busy upon their find since the north wall of the building is actually the face of the quarry itself.

Only a few feet away the visitor can observe the skilled men busy with the day's work—using their preferred instruments of either jack-hammer, chisel or pick to reach the fossil bones encrusted there. In

this particular location we are able to see the results of their rock-removal, exposing the fossil-bearing Morrison formation, of Jurassic Age, thought to have been deposited about 140 million years ago.

Many questions come to mind: just how big were the dinosaurs? where and when did they live and for how long? why did they become extinct? how is it that their bones have been preserved?



### Salt Lake City, Utah

We are told that there is no other spot in America quite like Salt Lake City. One may come here to visit only to carry with him a variety of lasting impressions.

To begin with the entire city is nestled in the shadows of the Wasatch Mountains. The air is clean, and the barren hills appear friendly. Dominating the city is the State House; overshadowed by the mountain range, the guardianlike structure is well-placed.

Equally significant is Temple Square, a ten-acre block from which the city's streets are numbered. Many tourists plan their visits to coincide with either the rehearsal or the radio broadcast of the famous Tabernacle Choir. Continuously since 1929 the well-known choir has been presenting weekly broadcasts, and the 375 singers gladly volunteer their services. We had the pleasure of attending the broadcast this morning from the 8,000 seat Tabernacle. While waiting to enter as the choir had a final rehearsal, we were fascinated by the dedicated Mormon who related local history for us. The middle-aged gentleman propagandized well, and we listened courteously as he alluded to the role of the Temple in the life of the Mormon.

The virtues of honest workmen were extolled in his talk, and he made much of old Joseph Smith's maxim that "the idler shall not eat the bread of the toiler," and pointed to the wall surrounding Temple Square. It was built as a make-work project by otherwise unemployed men who came seeking assistance. As he continued his talk, he told how it took men with oxen four days to bring from the quarries a single stone used in the foundation of the Temple. Forty years of earnest labor by able men were required until the Temple was dedicated in 1893.

My attention was drawn particularly to one of several monuments that grace the area. It is a granite shaft, topped by two bronze birds in flight. This adds, you see, to that variety of impressions the city has for me since this monument, erected in 1913, gives tribute to God's mercy through sea gulls!

Back in the summer of 1848 the settlers were plagued by hordes of crickets which threatened total loss to the 5,000 acres which, planted with grain and irrigated, had given promise to an abundant yield. The pests stubbornly resisted the frantic attempts to destroy them. The people did everything imaginable from burning to drowning the crickets. Without avail, so it seemed, as the crickets continued to make desert of what shortly before had been their glorious hope for bread. Because the colonists were an isolated outpost, the only means of communication they had was by use of slow ox teams. They could not look to anyone on this earth for help; so with their own dwindling strength they lifted their voices in prayer. Their only hope was in Heaven.

Before long they heard the cry of sea gulls coming from the west. Distracted and sorely troubled, their first reaction was that here was another foe come now to add the final destructive touch. To their amazement, the sea gulls fell upon the fields and devoured the crickets. They continued eating until the grain was cleared of them. Only by the intervention of the gulls was the remaining crop saved so that the people were able to live through another year. Small wonder one finds here a monument with two bronze birds in flight!

We've found Salt Lake City fascinating. What else can we say of a city that makes room for a monument commemorating so great mercy?



#### Hatch, Utah

We now have a new appreciation for the word "spectacular." We have been to Bryce Canyon. The 56 jagged acres of this national park, characterized by pink, red, orange, almost a hundred traces of blue, unfold before the speech-less tourist.

This phenomenon began to happen somewhere in the last sixty million years as seven distinct plateaus were raised from the canyon itself. Great pressures from within the earth broke the beds of rock into huge blocks whose length could be numbered in miles. Throughout the centuries nature has been busy as her erosional forces - - - freezing followed by thawing of water in the cracks of the rocks - - - the persistent pressure of plants and trees as their roots went deeper into the rock crevices - - - and, of course, the ever-present chemicals in the air - - - all of these have been at work shaping so uniquely the surface of the earth.

As we stood at the edge of the rim, we could feel ourselves possessed by reverence mingled with awe as the varied-colored cliffs of Bryce

Canyon arose in front of us, carved features from the Wasatch limestone.

We carry with us the impression of color and form. I don't know which is greater. Below us we saw what could be described as a series of miniature cities - - - "cathedral spires, windowed walls, and endless chessmen, shaped by rain, frost, and running water working through alternate strata of harder and softer limestone."

Nothing in North America, I am willing to believe, can surpass this formation for color. Here nature's sculptured cliffs offer a variety with the pinks, the oranges and the reds predominating. There is the blending of the greys, the creams and the whites, - - - "stripes of lavender, pale yellow and brown—threads of color gone astray from the master design."

So today has come our introduction to the canyon country. Later on we visited Zion National Park, which covers about 147,034 acres. It's within several hours driving distance from Bryce to the south. Here, too, we found a display of color and wall formation which is typical of this canyon country. Once again we were confronted by what nature can do with some 150 million years at her disposal. Throughout these centuries there have been occurring one after the other vast seas, followed by flat lands being eventually flooded by rivers on a rampage. Tree-fern forests had their day; then came the deserts with moving sand dunes, marked by tremendous upheavals of the earth.

The millions of years have left their erosive mark, thanks to the forces of wind, rain, frost and the silent pressure of plant life. About 13,000,000 years ago the shape of Zion was lifted. It was the gradual elevation which caused the land mass to break into great blocks. Some of these blocks remained vertically; others leaned this way or that, and here and there domes were fashioned.

The early settlers who came upon this region devoutly referred to it as "Zion" - - - reminder to them of the "heavenly city of God." So for us today we have come and gone from Zion with its "towering temples of stone - - - houses not built with hands" - - - and our souls have been lifted to God in gratitude.



Williams, Arizona

Today I felt exactly like the Pennsylvania Dutchman who saw an ostrich for the first time only to exclaim: "Such a thing ain't!"

That's what I seemed to think as I stood at the rim of the Grand Canyon. Known the world over, the chasm measures roughly 217 miles

in length, ten miles wide and a mile deep. We stopped at one view point after another to marvel and to wonder.

In company with others, we ask: what caused this? Well, seven million years ago as the Colorado River, second longest in the United States, continued to flow at almost sea level, the land about it gave way to a general rising. The river maintained its course, and with the passing of the centuries the canyon walls grew taller and taller. The Colorado remains to this day a mighty river which, in the Grand Canyon itself, averages 300 feet wide and 12 feet deep. Engineers say that over the years the torrents, sometimes brown and sometimes red, carry past any given point in the canyon an average of half a million tons of mud and sand every twenty-four hours. Imagine what cutting must go on as the water flows at an average of seven miles per hour.

While color and formation are the distinctive features of the other two canyons which we visited, here at Grand Canyon we were overwhelmed by its two characteristics: size and stillness. Here space absorbs sound, and any kind of motion remains almost imperceptible against the giant background that completely overshadows it.

As we stood at the several view points, we were immediately made aware of the obvious—endless beauty amid formations that defy measurement. Yet the Grand Canyon is far more than what meets the eye. Those who spend their lives studying the canyon tell us that what must be appreciated here is the story of change - - - change in the earth's crust. Nature has been at work without the benefit of man's help - - - here the unassisted hand of the Creator has wrought change in the many layers of rock walls. It is a change that scientists today have not fully understood and what is more—a change that man has never been able to control.

It goes without saying that for a long time to come we'll be made humble as we're haunted by its seemingly boundless space and the almost maddening stillness of its apparent emptiness.



Barstow, California

Almost everything we have encountered on this trip so far has centered in the activities of past centuries numbered by the millions. Today we had opportunity to stand with great admiration for a remarkable achievement by man in our own generation. We drove to Hoover Dam.

For years the ocean-bound Colorado River spelled chaos and proved itself a menace. There was always uncertainty: will it be flood or

drought? Settlers of another year refused to give up their belief in the land in this area despite the unpredictable nature of the Colorado. They, and also those who lived after them, dreamed that someday there would be an eventual conquest over the river.

Thanks to an act of Congress in 1928, the construction of Boulder Dam (for so it was known for a decade) was begun in 1931. Four years later, after working around the clock with only three holidays a year, workmen completed one of the seven civil engineering wonders that our land can boast. For the first time man succeeded in harnessing the lower Colorado River. Lake Mead, formed by the water backed up by the Dam, is the world's largest (by volume) man-made reservoir. When full it is 115 miles long.

We sat in a small theater in Boulder City and viewed the film-story of the construction of the Dam. We found it an amazing thing and could easily understand how an average of two lives a month were sacrificed during the daring erection of this man-made wall of concrete.

Hoover Dam is readily recognized as an outstanding example of what can be achieved through reclamation. The whole concept of river control has effectively guaranteed protection from floods, the conservation of water for necessary irrigation and other supply, the generation of power, affording opportunity for recreation and preserving fish and wild-life.

More than 750,000 acres under cultivation in southern California and southwestern Arizona and about 500,000 acres in Mexico are irrigated by its water supply.

Millions upon millions of people in the Los Angeles and San Diego coastal areas are dependent upon it for their water supply.

The generators of Hoover Dam make possible the billions of kilowatt-hours which provide energy each year to the many farms, factories and homes throughout the Pacific Southwest.

We drove from Boulder City to Las Vegas. It was curiosity, and curiosity alone, that took us there. We stayed only long enough for a glimpse. I can't think of a single good thing to say about the city. What can one say for a place that delights in its reputation of gambling and with its sister city of Reno can boast of the highest crime rate in the entire country?



#### Redlands, California

We're still trying to make up our minds about the desert. We've had a good taste of the Mohave for several days.

Winifred keeps wondering about the people who build their one room structures in the midst of nowhere and settle down. It just wouldn't be for her. Of course we're forgetting that we're not fair in the frame of mind that we bring to the desert. We see it from our background of wooded hills and verdant valleys and pleasant streams. Today the desert is barren. But it does have its spring and its roses. And for those who will let the desert speak, it does come to life and have a meaning all of its own. It could be that those, limited as they may be, who prefer the sand, the hot wind, the cacti are they who see the desert as the uppretentious. It makes no claim to be anything but what it actually is. It just can't be anything other than sand, wind, cacti and it dares us to take it at face value.

Committed as I am to the hills of home, I think I could learn to understand why some people can call the desert home. There's nothing, absolutely nothing, artificial about desert sand. My best to those who are the brave ones - - - who can take the monotony of the quiet and the barren. And in turn what pity they probably have in their hearts for those of us who are imprisoned in the cities, who chase one another down concrete ribbons called freeways, whose autos pollute the air.

Thanks to Winifred's cousin Peggy and her good husband, Vern Dornbach, we had a chance to reflect on these 'desert thoughts' as we shared their gracious hospitality in the quiet of their home not too far from the campus of the University of the Redlands.



Anaheim, California

Today it was Disneyland.

After spending the greater portion of the day there I can honestly report that of the approximately 30,000 visitors with whom I came into contact none wore a sad or troubled look. Everywhere everyone seemed to be relaxed. If Disneyland in her seven year period has done nothing else than this for America, she has won a worthy place for herself already.

What is Disneyland? Like other extravaganza, she can be many things to many people. For children it is a world of fantasy, of wonder and merriment. Here is Storybook Land—a world of make-believe. Here is the land of Yesteryear, with the memorabilia of old time movies, the horse-drawn trolley, the party telephone line, the general store and the cracker barrel. Here is the world of Tomorrow with a glimpse into the age of plastics, sound waves, electronics and rockets.



For an adult Disneyland is an opportunity by which one recalls what has been so distinctly American since the turn of the century. As he remembers the past, he also plants himself in mid-stream, calling by name the shape of tomorrow's world he is now fashioning.

What is Disneyland? It is America at ease amid the wholesome and the clean. There's no drinking; no cheap shows designed with the lustful in mind; no games of chance.

What is Disneyland? It is America with the accent on the family. The child has been given every possible consideration and no need of any family group seems to be unmet. There is even "a changing room" where infants can be given the care they require, strollers with sun shades can be rented and eating places offer a menu for children at reduced prices.

What is Disneyland? It is America's college generation at summer work. Many of the staff are the cream of the universities who welcome a chance to earn a few dollars and to invest their time and talents while America sings, laughs, and rides on miniature trains and alpine cable cars.

What is Disneyland? It's a ride in the jungle—a penny's worth of hard candy—a Mack Sennett movie—a venture on the monorail—a trip in mid-air in a bucket—the night sky ablaze—a—barbershop quartet—a movie theater which puts the viewer in the middle of everything, surrounding him with seventeen different screens—the use of a train to transport the visitor from the parking lot to the main gate—a mark on one's hand that suddenly glows under a special lamp as one seeks re-entry on the same day—it's all day parking for a quarter—it's land-water-air—it's yesterday-today-tomorrow—it's you-me-everybody let loose amid hundreds of acres in a world—in a place—that will always be—as it now is—as it is yet to be. It is our debt to the creative and resourceful mind of a man who has taught us anew that America hungers for entertainment that is wholesome and clean.



Los Angeles, California

In all likelihood I'll never see him again, and all the questions he raised in my mind will go unanswered. He first attracted my attention in a branch station of the Los Angeles Post Office. Neatly dressed and well-shaven, he simply said—"I cannot see very well, please help me." At once I noted that he was partially sighted. He needed help in filling out a custom declaration for something he wanted to send overseas. So I became a pair of eyes for him as I filled in the requested infor-

mation; all went well until we reached the place where the signature of the sender was to be affixed.

For the first time in all my life I helped a man almost blind to sign his name. It had never occurred to me before that this simple signing of a name would require assistance.

But what lingers in my mind is the hesitation he had when I asked him for the information that had to be given concerning the contents of the parcel he was about to send to a small village in Poland. Finally he said in his clearly accented tongue, "one used suit; value three dollars."

I had difficulty with my curiosity. Without much effort—I found myself asking him questions: How long have you been in this country? Answer: about ten years. What do you do? Answer: I cannot do much; sometimes I work as a masseur. He showed no enthusiasm for my questions, and with a "thank you and God bless you" he walked haltingly toward the postal clerk's window.

Was he really grateful for my help or did he take me as a matter of course? Is he a poor, benighted chap beaten by his blindness, or is he a supplier of information to those inside the Iron Curtain? Since he seemed so well acquainted with the card and its questions, why didn't he have the information filled in for him by some trusted friend rather than be at the mercy of a total stranger in a big city? Really now, did he trust me more than I seem to trust him else how could he be sure of the accuracy of the data that I wrote in the blank spaces for him?

For all of us Life operates at certain points like this. It is the gamble we are asked to take at one juncture or another. Had I to do it over again, I would once more offer this help for which he asked.



Los Angeles, California

All the display material in the window was most attractive, and I read each card and sign with avid interest. The titles of certain books made me reach for my wallet. Here in a package of certain food supplements, or in a bottle of especially prepared herbs and nuts could be the answer to general physical well-being. Here was the art of proper food selection and preparation. Here was the cure-all for whatever limitation one knows due to diet. Eat this or that—according to their recommendation—and life would be longer and better.

I was all set to make a purchase and to enter the store, when my eyes fell on the man behind the counter. He was far from being the

picture of health—as sickly looking a character as I had seen in many a day. I lost all interest in his proposals from that point on. He nullified completely the appeal of the show-case. I thought that I had a right to expect a better example or exhibit, if you please, in the salesman who should use his own products, at least.

They tell me that there are people who turn away from religion for this very reason.



### Los Angeles, California

The man who was kind enough to show us about the million dollar church building meant well. Yet as I turned and walked away I was disheartened.

He was just too proud, and the sadder of two facts is that he wasn't aware of his pride at all.

With too much satisfaction, the satisfaction that lies in one's own achievement, he observed that the seats were cushioned for comfort and that even the backs of the pews were lined with washable nylon. The wall of glass to the right of the nave was for the most part a movable partition, which when opened invited the people to fellowship with one another in a garden. The flowers that graced the chancel and the altar were the cleverly arranged artificial ones from the storage rack behind the altar. The bride's room, adjoining a small chapel, was done in soft colors and tastefully decorated for a room serving such a purpose. Directly at the center of the altar on the retable, where in many churches a cross is placed, was the covenant chest—a box containing the financial pledges of the congregation's members.

So the church was built, and how proudly he talked about what they had done. It is magnificent, yet will it bring one to his knees? Is it too comfortable to be challenging? Has man's pride made it so pretty that it lacks awe? Is it too much the symbol of contemporary religion whereby we accent our accomplishment and direct the thought of both man and God to what our dollars can do?

My kind friend made it all too obvious what dollars can do—they can build a church with a bride's parlor whose walls are painted pink. He didn't give me any idea at all of the power of the Gospel to transform people's lives. I guess it must be because this is beyond man's achievement; only the grace of God can do this. I surely wish that I could have sensed something of this in his showing us about the church. Maybe since he understood I was a preacher he took it for granted that I knew all about this.



## Sequoia National Park, California

John Muir, the well known naturalist, said on one occasion that "going to the mountains is going home . . . wilderness is a necessity . . . and mountain parks—are useful not only as fountains of timber and irrigating rivers, but as fountains of life."

So we came to the Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks today. We found peace and quiet in the heart of the Sierra Nevada. Magnificent forests, deep canyons and granite hills constitute this area of more than 1,300 square miles. The border of these two parks extend from north to south for more than 65 miles.

Millions of years ago the giant sequoias were most numerous. Now they grow only in their native habitat in scattered separated groves in a narrow 250-mile belt along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada in central California at elevations of 4,000 to 8,000 feet. They include the world's largest and the world's oldest trees. Many, including the famous General Sherman and General Grant trees, are said to be between 3,000 and 4,000 years old. They had reached half their present age by the time Jesus of Nazareth was making yoke for oxen in a small town carpenter shop. Some of them exceed 30 feet in diameter, wider than the houses in which some present-day families live. It is also said that some of them have grown to a height of almost 300 feet.

Often the question has been asked, even as we raised it today, How has it been possible for the giant sequoias to survive? Their contemporaries of millions upon millions of years ago, the dinosaurs, the ichthyosaurs and the giant lizards, have long since passed from the scene. In truth most of the sequoias went, too. Yet in this one place upon the surface of the earth the species has survived. Could it be that here during the ice age they escaped glaciation? John Muir believed that "God cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, levelling tempests and floods - - -." Coupled with the beloved naturalist's conviction must be the observation that the trees themselves have been able to outwit the ravages of time by their sheer will to live. The accidents typical to most forest areas such as wind, fire and storms have more than met their equal in these sturdy titans. Should storms take their toll, the old tree had a way of shooting new branches. Scarred by fire, it produced in time a new bark. And the bark, to begin with, had those peculiar properties of thickness and heavy tannin that while other trees succumbed to disease and insects, it remained invulnerable. And what is more, even at the ripe age of 3,000 or 4,000 years these trees continue to produce each year the tiny seeds from which new trees begin.

Here in the shadow of the everlasting hills, here amid God's first temples, life takes on its necessary dimension of eternity. Today, this moment, has meaning only against the backdrop of all that has gone

before, of all that is yet to come. The grandeur and the majesty remain for the press of God's creative finger is here. I have lifted my eyes to the hills, and I have come face to face with Him who ordered their fame. He will not allow me to stay there but directs my path again into the valley. As I travel on my way, His peace which is greater than the strength of the mountains will sustain my soul.



## Yosemite, California

I found something out this morning that has given a stout measure of courage to my heart. More than a million people a year visit Yosemite—where are found the “most songful streams in the world—the noblest forests—the loftiest granite domes and the deepest ice-sculptured canyons.”

The Falls of Yosemite (a combined height of some 2,425 feet) are the second highest in the world. But one doesn't really talk of their size—he thinks mostly of their beauty. Together with glittering lakes, snow capped peaks, soft meadows and towering sequoias they become part of the combination of nature's spectacle which inspires only awe and praise.

To come to Yosemite is to be exposed to beauty—beauty that is found one level after another and each with its own characteristic quality. We began with the warm foothills below Arch Rock with an elevation of some 2,000 feet. From this level to the 13,114-foot-high Mount Lyell with its wind battered peaks there are five different zones. Each is marked by its distinctive plant and animal life. At 4,000 feet is the Transition zone. White fir, incense cedar, yellow pine and several species of oaks are here. Two thousand feet higher is the delightful range of evergreens: red fir and a variety of pines. At 6,000 feet elevation it is known as the Canadian life zone. The Hudsonian zone at 8,000 to 10,000 feet comes next. Mountain hemlock and lodgepole pine are characteristic at this level. Crowning all the zones is the Arctic-Alpine level where at the crest of the Sierras, above the tree line, grow only willows that never reach more than a few inches in height.

As long as people travel to Yosemite there is hope for the world. One cannot be exposed to its beauty without its having some beneficial effect. One doesn't talk to these hills, lakes, trees. There's nothing to tell them. They speak to us, and he who hears receives naught but good for his soul.



As far back as I can remember I always hoped that one day I could go to the Top of The Mark—to soar those 17 or 18 floors of the Mark Hopkins Hotel and view breathlessly the panorama of San Francisco Bay.

Sensing the excitement in my eyes as I neared the entrance of the well-known hotel, a perfect stranger came up to me and said in something less than perfect English—"It is better from the Fairmont. Cross the street and go up from there." The conversation that followed made it plain that he had come from northern Europe a number of years ago and like so many others had fallen in love with this most charming of American cities.

But I did not follow his advice. My goal had been to go to the Top of The Mark. I had no desire to settle for anything else. It would be satisfaction enough for me to have the 'teen age dream fulfilled.

I shall not debate that the other view could be better. Let us suppose that it is. And if so, could this be a parable? Are there not many of us who set standards beyond which we have no interest in going—no matter how much better and finer others may be? Could the tragedy of life be that we settle too soon for lesser heights?



Mount Rainier, Washington

It is like seeing a picture come suddenly to life. Perhaps this is the best way to describe our reaction to Mount Rainier National Park.

The snow that you see on the caps of the mountains is also to be found in the nearby ravines—in the crevices hidden from the sun—just about three feet away, forming a canopy for the rushing water stream that comes bursting from behind a huge rock.

The flowers, a riot in color, are not what some painter has brushed. In the refreshingly cool wind that blows upon them they begin to wave. They are unmistakably real; and the sun above them smiles the warmth they need against the crests of snow but a step away.

As one views a painting and becomes possessed by it, so one stands before the grandeur which is Mount Rainier and each related hill. Then there is the moment of identity, and the snow, the rocks, the ravines, the heights and the depths become friendly.

It cannot be said that these ranges of rocks, snow crested beneath the sky's blue, have changed so much since I saw them first 25 years ago. They are no more majestic now than then. Could it be that I have changed? Have these passing years brought a greater sensitivity, a better

appreciation? God grant that it may be true; and not for this place alone but for all of life.



Seattle, Washington

When I was a child someone once gave me a silver dollar. I can't describe, even to this day, the fascination it held for me. I used to wish in childish glee that I had a million of them, and I'd want to look at them day after day. That, of course, was years and years ago.

At the Seattle Fair I saw for the first, and perhaps only, time in my life a heap of one million silver dollars, by actual count, no less. Now that I've seen that stack of silver my enthusiasm of four decades ago has completely vanished. I don't much care if I ever again have a chance to look at a million silver "cartwheels."

To begin with, what good comes from looking at someone else's money? And furthermore, what is the value of money when arranged only for display? The exhibit has been planned solely to attract attention, and to cause me to reflect upon some fascinating data such as:

- it took one man at the Philadelphia mint eighteen days, using a machine, to count one million silver dollars.
- the total weight of one million silver dollars is about thirty tons, or approximately sixty thousand pounds. Whatever variance there is in weight depends upon the wear of the coins.
- the exhibit of one million silver dollars during the six month period at the fair involves a breathtaking thirty-thousand dollars!
- if stacked one upon another these one million dollars would reach skyward more than a mile and a half; in fact 8,800 feet to be exact. (New York's Empire State building is 1,250 feet.)
- if placed edge to edge, one million silver dollars would extend twenty-three miles.

The last silver dollars were minted in 1935. While frequently used in some western states today, much to the delight of eastern tourists, they remain for the most part a conversation piece, reminiscent of that chapter in American life when men gambled their earnings on whiskey-stained saloon tables; when the Irish immigrant braved the prairies to leave a track of iron rails behind him; when the arduous life of the prospector was dispelled by a night of fun in the mining towns.

The visitor to the display is given a pamphlet descriptive of the million dollar exhibit. It is an interesting account which relates the variety

of problems that had to be dealt with in arranging for a display of such nature: who would sponsor the exhibit? who would provide the million silver dollars? would the United States Government co-operate? how would the thirty tons of silver be transported? what protection would be required and what assistance could be expected from local police officers? what would be the best route to be taken from the Philadelphia mint on April 5, 1952, until the shipment would arrive in Seattle twelve days later? who would insure the money? All of these problems were encountered successfully. Only one problem remains according to the last paragraph in the interesting pamphlet: "what to do with the one million coins in October when the Fair is over?"



### Seattle, Washington

I'm not quite certain just what a World's Fair is supposed to accomplish. I know we've had them from time to time, and of those held during my life the New York Fair back in 1939-40 is the only one I ever attended, until I came to Seattle.

Whatever this fair at Seattle may be, it surely isn't honky-tonk, geared primarily for the light-minded and the fun-loving. Seattle's Fair is serious, although, of necessity, it has some of the usual entertainment features.

At Seattle the accent unmistakably is on science. Any exhibit or program worth seeing either records the past and the present of man's scientific marvels, or gives a hint of what is waiting for us in century 21. Even one of the two religious exhibits has its theme, "Sermons From Science," and the Saturday morning program in the Children's Center of the Christian Pavilion concludes its week-long presentation with the subject "God Cares For You Through Science."

Despite one's lack of scientific knowledge, it is possible to go from exhibit to exhibit, program to program, and to experience a sense of wonder and mystery which makes for a certain degree of appreciation. The average tourist may not be able to fully explain what he is seeing in the wonder-world of exploration—whether it be in outer space or within the enlarged view of the tiniest speck never visible to the unaided eye. He may not be able to explain, but he can exclaim!

This was the re-assuring thought that comes to me as I reflect upon the highly controversial Sound and Light presentation of the Gospel. The Christian Pavilion features in a new idiom the meaning of our faith. It is announced as a "parable in the language and symbols of the 20th and 21st centuries—a sequence of impressionistic black and white pictures."



In company with most people, I presume I walked away from the film rather baffled—and perhaps a bit annoyed. The film itself is without explanation and passes directly from sequence to sequence until all fifteen have been portrayed. Never have I felt so keenly the need for interpretation of the religious message, and I kept thinking of the Itinerant Preacher who went from one Galilean village to another revealing ever so plainly for the common people the wonders of God's truth. Interpretation is essential and we should learn to appreciate this fact anew.

I did not walk away from the science exhibits, holding them in contempt just because I could not fully understand them. Rather, I read the descriptive material, and I waited as the illustrator, microphone in hand, offered the helpful explanation.

So I found meaning in the Gospel presentation as I studied in subsequent periods the valuable interpretive material, and the more I studied it, the greater my appreciation for it became. Perhaps this is the problem today; we want everything crystal clear as soon as we see it. If it doesn't make sense to us immediately, we are prone to reject it or dislike it. Religion requires careful study, and frequently we must call upon the qualified and the experienced to tell us what it is that either lies in front of us or surrounds us on every side.



#### Seattle, Washington

I'm still thinking about those "Sermons From Science" that are scheduled throughout the day at the Christian Pavilion in one corner of the World's Fair. It seems to me that impressive as they are there is still much to be desired. Perhaps I'm being a bit unfair since I did not see all of the films. What I question, however, is this: is it ever enough to simply "prove" the existence of God? What most of us need to know is the nature, the character, of the God who exists. What is He like? What does He require from me?

The men who master-minded this program are experts and have done a superb job. They were on the right track when they determined to plan for a religious display or program amid an 'impressive array of technological development.' Their attitude constrained them to offer a counterpart to an accent on scientific achievement which has created a great material abundance. They asked quite properly: "What about the great Christian heritage that this nation has enjoyed? Surely those fundamentals of the Christian faith have had a very real part in making this a wonderful nation. Should not these basic truths, that have served us so well in the past, be reaffirmed and applied for the age of tomorrow?"

I've walked away from the Pavilion quite impressed by the clever and skillful presentations, but where was the element of confrontation? I've been fascinated, but I've not caught an urgency to commitment anew to Jesus Christ. They tell me a great deal of our present-day preaching is like this, too.



### Seattle, Washington

We've added some new words to our vocabulary since coming to Seattle. None of them has intrigued us more than "space needle." It has made its own claim upon the Fair and no one can think of the Century 21 without it.

The Space Needle, as long as it stands, will remain a landmark. From its vantage point, 600 towering feet, it affords a commanding view of the natural beauty which is the Pacific Northwest.

It is rightly referred to as "a symbol of the high design that teamed minds and hands could mould." There is nothing in the world exactly like it. There are other towers, such as the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the one in Tokyo, and the Stuttgart Tower. None, however, is quite like the Space Needle.

The four million dollar dream come true has the new world's most exciting restaurant, located 500 feet high in the sky in the Eye of the Needle. The tables, accommodating some 250 people, face the majesty and the grandeur of the hills and the waters miles away. Someone has described the experience atop the Space Needle in this way: "In the hour of their 360-degree sway around the perimeter of outward-sloping windows, there would unfold before them a 140-mile crest of the Cascade Range, with its 10,750-foot snow-capped Mt. Baker to the North; the craggy, wilderness-surrounded Glacier Peak to the Northeast; and the 14,408-foot Mt. Rainier, the Pacific Northwest's highest mountain, huge and icy-white to the Southeast. There'd be the foothills and valleys before them, dipping to Lake Washington, partly visible behind Seattle's residence heights. To the south the long arms of Puget Sound would reach toward the distant peaks of Mt. Adams and Mt. St. Helena.

"To the west would be the spectacular backdrop of the rugged, snow-topped Olympic Range across picturesque Puget Sound. To the northwest, the green islands and channels of the sound could be seen leading out toward the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Pacific. And closer at hand, the hour-glass pattern of metropolitan Seattle, its port, its business district, its new cultural center growing out of the World's Fair, would be spread under foot."

And all of this would be seen as the restaurant rotated upon its smoothly balanced base, so well designed that only a single horse-power motor is necessary for the turning.

The proposal to build the Space Needle, the years of careful planning and the actual construction itself form the most daring of all stories in connection with the Seattle World Fair. In fact there's a grand booklet entitled, "Space Needle U.S.A." which could well be required reading for anyone who would ask the meaning of those two new words: "space needle."

Purely incidental, of course—if all the hamburgers prepared for consumption on an average day at the Fair would be stacked one upon another they would reach upward to a height sixteen and two-thirds times greater than the 600 feet of the Space Needle!

Also purely incidental—the forty-foot-high torch at the top of the Space Needle uses as much natural gas as 150 homes. Its gas, by the way, is chemically colored and is released from more than 200 jets, which are spaced at intervals on the stainless steel mast.

Also—the highest point up the Space Needle is an air-and-water cooled aircraft warning light. It is ten feet above the highest gas jet. Occasionally there may be need for changing the light bulb. How is this done? The gas torch is turned off, allowed to cool—and some daring workman climbs the ladder rungs for the top thrill—!! There surely is more than one way to earn a living!



#### Seattle, Washington

France has an exhibit at the World's Fair. She has turned herself preacher. Through a series of arresting glimpses at twentieth-century life, the especially designed film endeavors to portray the contemporary scene—a feverish, reckless pace of man the pleasure bent. Sensitive perhaps to any criticism that may be leveled at France in particular, the exhibit is careful to say that no one nation nor people is singled out in particular. But rather the lot of us, mankind today, anywhere and everywhere, is under indictment. The rapid sequence is not a pleasant thing to view, not primarily because of the speed by which one view follows another but because the subject itself may either be sensual, morbid or trivial.

We soon ask the questions that we are supposed to ask: what is wrong with us? what can we do about it?

Immediately following the film we are ushered into an area which

reveals for us the seven keys by which a better future can be unlocked. Tomorrow, so the theme would have it, need not be as hopeless, as insipid, as today.

But their seven keys are not enough. An eighth one is both necessary and desirable. Each of their seven keys opens doors only on the first floor of the "house" in which we dwell. In our contemporary ranch-type-house civilization we've forgotten all the advantages that can be had with an "upstairs" house.

In the lot of seven keys, there's none to an "upstairs." For no mention is made in a hope for tomorrow of our concern with what we might refer to as "vertical relationships." The seven keys either deal with man's understanding of himself or of one man understanding another—but God, the "vertical" emphasis, is completely ignored.

And this is the tragedy of our age: we know something is wrong with us and we're foolish enough to think that we on our own level can write our own prescription. God, ignored, stands patiently by, as we go on using all the rope - - -.



#### Glacier National Park Montana

A half billion years must be a long, long time. I can't entertain the slightest notion how long it can be. But that's how long it took to fashion this spectacle of seeming permanence which is Glacier National Park. According to geologists, the area was once, that long, long time ago, an extensive shallow sea. What is now before us as immovable rock was at first silt, sand, clay and lime deposits. Then came the pressure and the heat of endless ages. Chemical changes, the penetration into the rough cracks of molten rock or lava, the algae deposits - - - all have been prominent forces at work throughout the elevation of the rocks from the bottom of a sea to great heights.

As time continued throughout nameless years there were stresses applied to the crust of the earth from two different directions: the northeast and the southwest. As this occurred, the elevation set in causing long, wavelike folds to appear. This went on for millions of years. What we see today in Glacier National Park so dramatically took place year after year in almost imperceptible fashion.

So there are unperceived forces at work in our world today—forces to which we may remain insensitive, yet forces for good or ill which will mould so "permanently" the tomorrow which is inevitable.

Small wonder John Muir, after a visit to Glacier, wrote these inspirational words as advice to the tourist—"Give a month at least to this precious preserve. The time will not be taken from the sum of your life. Instead of shortening, it will definitely lengthen it - -."

When we were in Salt Lake City we heard again the announcer for the famous choir say "once more we greet you from within the shadows of the everlasting hills." So it is that for us nothing seems quite as permanent as the mountains. To the geologists, however, they are transient features of the landscape. Nonetheless they are in league with eternity, and we do well to lift our eyes toward them again and often—as they remind us of ages that once were and of ages to come—as they remind us of the Hand that created them, of the Mind that planned them, of that Love which outlasts them!



### Glacier National Park Montana

As we have visited the national parks, one after another, we have asked what many others must wonder: where did the idea of national parks originate? who has been the major force at work in discovering, exploring, or developing this particular one?

We have been told that there is no clear answer since it is quite impossible to know what thoughts were in the minds of all those who first went into these areas of grandeur.

I'm somewhat impressed, however, with what has been said about George Bird Grinnell, sometimes referred to as the father of the movement to establish Glacier National Park. It was in 1885 that he visited for the first time the area which, thanks to his unceasing efforts, was set aside, by the President signing a bill on May 11, 1910, as Glacier National Park.

The point that's not to be overlooked is that it took Grinnell a quarter of a century of courageous laboring until final action was taken establishing the almost 1,600 square miles of "some of the most spectacular scenery and primitive wilderness in the entire Rocky Mountain region" as Glacier National Park. Suppose his captivation by this land of alpine glaciers where streams flow toward the north until they reach Hudson Bay, toward the east until they reach the Gulf of Mexico, and westward until they empty into the vast Pacific—suppose his fascination by this land of peaks and ridges edged by trees - - - suppose the wearying delay caused by the opposing forces—"contending against Indian problems, opposition of those who worked to further their pri-

vate interests, and even arguments of congressional committees—"suppose now he had given up his dream. But men who fight for mountains don't know what it is to give up!



## Yellowstone National Park Wyoming

Somewhere I once read so far as Yellowstone National Park is concerned that there is "no comparable area on the whole wide world." I'm quite willing to accept this statement.

In the northwest corner of Wyoming, its 3,472 square miles stretch out into a section of Montana and into a part of Idaho. From the very beginning it has been referred to as a "wonderland" so great is the varied and the changing face that it reveals.

In Yellowstone are to be found at least 10,000 thermal features, so that its geysers (over 200 of them to keep Old Faithful company!), its hot springs, its put-put echoing mud volcanoes, its pools and surrounding colorful terraces combine to make it the most spectacular as well as the largest area of its kind in the world.

Yellowstone has geysers—so we first think of it thanks to Old Faithful. But Yellowstone is much more, ever so much more, than the constantly recorded eruption of Old Faithful these past 80 years.

Yellowstone is many things—and each of them wonderful in its own right.

Yellowstone is a lake—the largest of all mountain lakes in North America at so high (7,731 ft.) elevation. Its waters are blue, coming from green forested white-capped mountains. Its 14 x 20 miles are surrounded by more than 110 miles of shore-line; it's twice the height of Niagara.

Yellowstone is a canyon—cut for 24 twisting miles by the river of the same name, it has walls of rock that go 1,200 colorful feet deep.

Yellowstone is a wild-life sanctuary. In great numbers and variety, wildlife such as bison, bear, coyote, deer, elk, moose and pronghorn are at home amid the meadows and mountains.

Yellowstone is a wilderness—while there are 300 miles of surfaced roadway and at least seven different areas of cabins, hotels and lodges designed to accommodate some 9,000 people—yet 95% of Yellowstone's more than 3,470 square miles is unaware of man's presence!

Yellowstone is people. In 1895 there were 5,438 visitors, a number which has increased to an all-time high of 1,595,875 in the year 1957.

Yellowstone is courage—the courage of John Colter, believed to be the first white man ever to set foot inside what is now Yellowstone Park. He took leave of the 1807 Lewis and Clark expedition to do some exploring of his own. When he returned to St. Louis three years later he gave a stirring account of his solitary travels as he “followed the western shoreline of Yellowstone Lake by way of the hot springs, where at the water’s edge, he saw the Grand Canyon, crossed Mount Washburn, pressed north to Tower Fall where he forded the Yellowstone River.” Yellowstone is the courage of Truman C. Evarts who became separated from the 19-man Expedition of 1870 and spent “37 days of peril” in the wilderness before he was found.

Yellowstone is the magnanimity of the human soul—of the soul of an honorable Montana judge named Cornelius Hedges. It was he who interrupted the talk of “speculation and personal profit” of a group of men who in the earlier days wanted to exploit the regions. Thanks to Hedges the proposal for a national park at Yellowstone—now the oldest (1872) and the largest—prevailed.

Yellowstone—many things to many people remains a wonder of the world.



#### Buffalo, Wyoming

I can't picture myself being anything other than a pastor. If, however, I couldn't go on doing any kind of formal preaching or teaching, the appeal of the motel manager could be very great.

As often as time would permit I welcomed the opportunity of chatting with the managers who ran the motels where we stayed on our trip. I learned a great deal about them—and of the people who sought their shelter night after night.

Despite the long hours, none of the owner-managers we met dreaded the work. Even though they found some of their guests obstinate and unreasonable in their demands, their prevailing opinion of human nature remains: most people are appreciative and worthy of trust and respect.

Of course they told me of the difficult ones, but they related these tales only because they were the unusual, the exception. By and large the traveling public is decent and honest - - - as decent and as honest as the people who wait upon them. For we, too, found the exceptional

gas-station operator and inn-keeper who would take advantage of us. But they, likewise, are remembered only because they were far from being the usual and the ordinary run of people.

Was it our holiday mood, the relaxed spirit of the tourist who for a time has shed burden of responsibility, that enabled us to wax so enthusiastic about the genuine good-feeling we experienced so often and practically everywhere? I don't think so. People are people the country over and there's an easily discernible spark of so much that's good in most of them. Hence, you see, my very great respect for my Quaker friends who are forever looking for "that which is God in every man."



Newcastle, Wyoming

I hope the photo that I took of their group, more than 30 of them that Sunday morning, turns out well. We met them shortly after we had eaten breakfast. We were attracted to them by their restrained enthusiasm and joviality. A band of 35 'teen age Mormons, ranging in ages from 14 to 18, together with their four advisors, they were headed home to Utah after a month long tour. Having been to the east, they studied enroute American history and local church history at the same time. For the most part they slept in camping areas and lived as inexpensively as possible. If I remember correctly the entire trip cost each of the group something under \$200.00.

They were not long in telling me where they had been and why. In a comparatively short period of time I was asked two questions: (1) Have you read the Book of Mormon? (2) Do you believe it?

I'm not quite certain just how they felt about my honest answers. To the first question I was able to answer both "yes and no." The answer was "yes" in the sense that I have read a part of the book; the answer was "no" inasmuch as I haven't read very much of it. As far as the second question was concerned—I do not believe the Book of Mormon, and I would have them to understand that perhaps the far more important question is not whether I, a stranger, believe their book but rather do they believe it!

It was a good meeting that we shared so unexpectedly that Sunday morning. Good in the sense that a band of 'teen agers could share with someone considerably more than 2½ times their age something of well-governed enthusiasm for both their religion and their country.

There is so much, so very much, in Mormonism that I can't possibly



accept. Yet in their call to discipleship and the response which they receive, there is a great deal here that I envy.



Mount Rushmore  
South Dakota

Traveling some 9,500 miles and seeing practically all of the most talked-about places, the question will be invariably raised, in one form or another, what impressed you most? what did you like best?

It is not always a fair question. Each place has its own and rightful claim to distinction and ought not to suffer at the hand of those who are too quick to compare or to contrast. We found, as an example, that almost every mountain has certain features that are characteristic to its own range.

San Francisco, our most charming city visited, we both liked and disliked, and for certain very specific reasons. The desert can attract as well as repel, and the mountainous areas can also have mosquitoes. Seattle is not without its rainy season, despite the unspeakable grandeur of towering and ever-watchful Mt. Rainier. Living in Los Angeles a few hours may separate one from the mountains and the ocean, but then there is such a thing as smog.

But enough of such talk.

The trip has been completed. Isn't there some one spot that for me, you may ask, lingers in the memory—soonest to be recalled—and for reasons that one can or cannot name? Quickly I answer yes: the National Memorial on Mount Rushmore in South Dakota.

I'll grant at once that I'm naming a man-made wonder. It is not the naked and untouched beauty of Bryce Canyon nor is it the unaided majesty of Mt. Rainier, the natural extravaganza of the Grand Canyon, the eloquent thousand-years growth of the redwoods.

Yet Mt. Rushmore itself is all of these and more. It is eloquence. It is antiquity. It is extravagance. It is beauty. It is majesty. But it is also what man has done to and with this grandeur. It is man speaking to the mountain; it is the mountain speaking to man.

The mountain looked down upon us and asked: have you anything to compare with me? has anything occurred among you fit to endure the years as I shall outlast them?

A man by name of Gutzon Borglum spelled out the answer as he stood back and looked at the shaven front of Rushmore, now peopled by his hand and spirit with the grand faces of four Americans who

most typify what we mean by democracy. Borglum said—"A monument's dimensions should be determined by the importance to civilization of the events commemorated. We are not here trying to carve an epic, portray a moonlight scene, or write a sonnet; neither are we dealing with mystery or tragedy, but rather the constructive and the dramatic moments or crises in our amazing history. We are cool-headedly, clear-mindedly setting down a few crucial, epochal facts regarding the accomplishments of the Old World radicals who shook the shackles of oppression from their light feet and fled despotism to people a continent; who built an empire and rewrote the philosophy of freedom and compelled the world to accept its wiser, happier forms of government. We believe the dimensions of national heartbeats are greater than village impulses, greater than city demands, greater than state dreams or ambitions. Therefore, we believe a nation's memorial should, like Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt, have a serenity, a nobility, a power that reflects the gods who inspired them—."

So I think ever so easily as I recall now that wonderful summer of 1962 whose mile after mile and day after day revealed for us anew the ever changing face which is America. None of the features which man has brought to it such as his cities, his deserts made fertile, his controlled waterways and towering dams, his ribbons of concrete, his needles of steel, his productive plains - - - none of his touches remains as haunting as the American dream symbolized in carved granite against a South Dakota sky. For the symbols effectively executed, succeed most genuinely as "a subject worthy of a mountain."

Mt. Rushmore, they tell us authoritatively, is one billion four hundred and sixty-five million years old. How long will the carved features of these faces, in proportion to men 465 feet high on this mountain, raised skyward 6,000 feet—how long will the heads of Washington, Jefferson, Roosevelt and Lincoln—each twice as high as the head of the great sphinx of Egypt—how long, you ask, will these carved features last? No one knows the answer. Possibly a hundred thousand years - - - a half million years. But this should not be our greater concern. Rather let us ask: how long will the dream symbolized in this Shrine of Democracy last? Dare we ask God to let it outlast the wear and the tear of the wind and the rain upon this seemingly ageless granite?

It is worth the trip to Deadwood to visit the Memorial Museum.

Of the many mementoes on display there, I was particularly impressed by the THOEN STONE.

It was found in 1887 near Spearfish, South Dakota, and is the pathetic reminder of a band of prospectors, whose path like everyman's, leads to the grave. The message on the stone is a sermon in its own right, and needs no additional comment:

"Got all the gold we could carry.  
Our ponies all got by the Indians.  
I have lost my gun, and nothing  
to eat, and Indians hunting me."



Klutzhaus  
Villa Zur Abendruhe  
R. D. One  
Cogan Station, Pennsylvania

The day is a quiet one—with ample opportunity for reflection before the return to 9219 Manchester Road, Silver Spring, Maryland.

The trip of 33 days and some 9,500 miles is now a memory. Each new day brought with it the peril and the promise of the unexpected. This is perhaps the first lesson that the traveler learns: he has no guarantee how the day will end nor can he predict surely what will happen at any one hour. Fortunate is that person who therefore travels with eager heart, made brave by the strength of the Eternal Companion, to make the most of whatever comes. Doubly blessed is he whose journey has taught him that adequate resources are made available as the need arises. So we traveled from day to day in the colloquial of our time, never knowing how the ball would bounce, but forever assured that no tomorrow need be feared!

And this, you see, is true for all of Life. It was the Parable of the Eternal Road which we tested and tried (and didn't find wanting) from Washington to Seattle and from Seattle to a quiet place near Pennsylvania's Pleasant Valley. For "the Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this day forth and evermore."



9219 Manchester Road  
Silver Spring, Maryland

Was it Harold Eskew who told me about a friend of his who took a trip, camera in hand? He traveled amid beauty and grandeur.

Once home he eagerly awaited the return from the processor's laboratory of the film that he had used. But his disappointment was great as he viewed the faulty pictures. His camera had been out of focus the entire trip, and he didn't learn of it until it was all over.

Alas for any of us who might one day come to Journey's End, only to discover that throughout this life, never again to be repeated, we had failed to get things in proper focus!